



TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

My name is paddy Doy's,  
I'm a native of the soil,  
Where the pretty lit'e shamrock grows,  
For a soldier I did list,  
Got a shilling in my fist,  
A beauty and a nobby suit of cloths,

### CHORUS—

Tramp! tramp!! tramp!!! the boys are  
marching,  
Cheer up comrades let's be gay,  
We will toast each bonny lass in a full and  
flooding glass;  
With the merry fife & drums we'll march  
away.

And when we march along,  
Through the way & happy throng,  
The girls all admire their darling joy,  
For a smile from every maid,  
Who loves the white cockade,  
For cooeting party girls I'm the boy,

With the nurses in the park,  
Sometimes I have a lark  
I praise their figure & their beauty,  
While the children run & play,  
We pass the time away,  
That's what I call doing soger's duty,

Whene'er we leave a town,  
The damsels pout & frown,  
To think that they'll not see us any more  
at I always bear in mind,  
The girls I leave behind,  
The darling little creature I adore,

Hark! I hear my comrades come  
There's the merry fife & drum,  
The sound fills my heart so full of joy,  
Then raise a hearty cheer,  
For home & friends so dear,  
And success attend too jovial soldier boy

